

MARVEL

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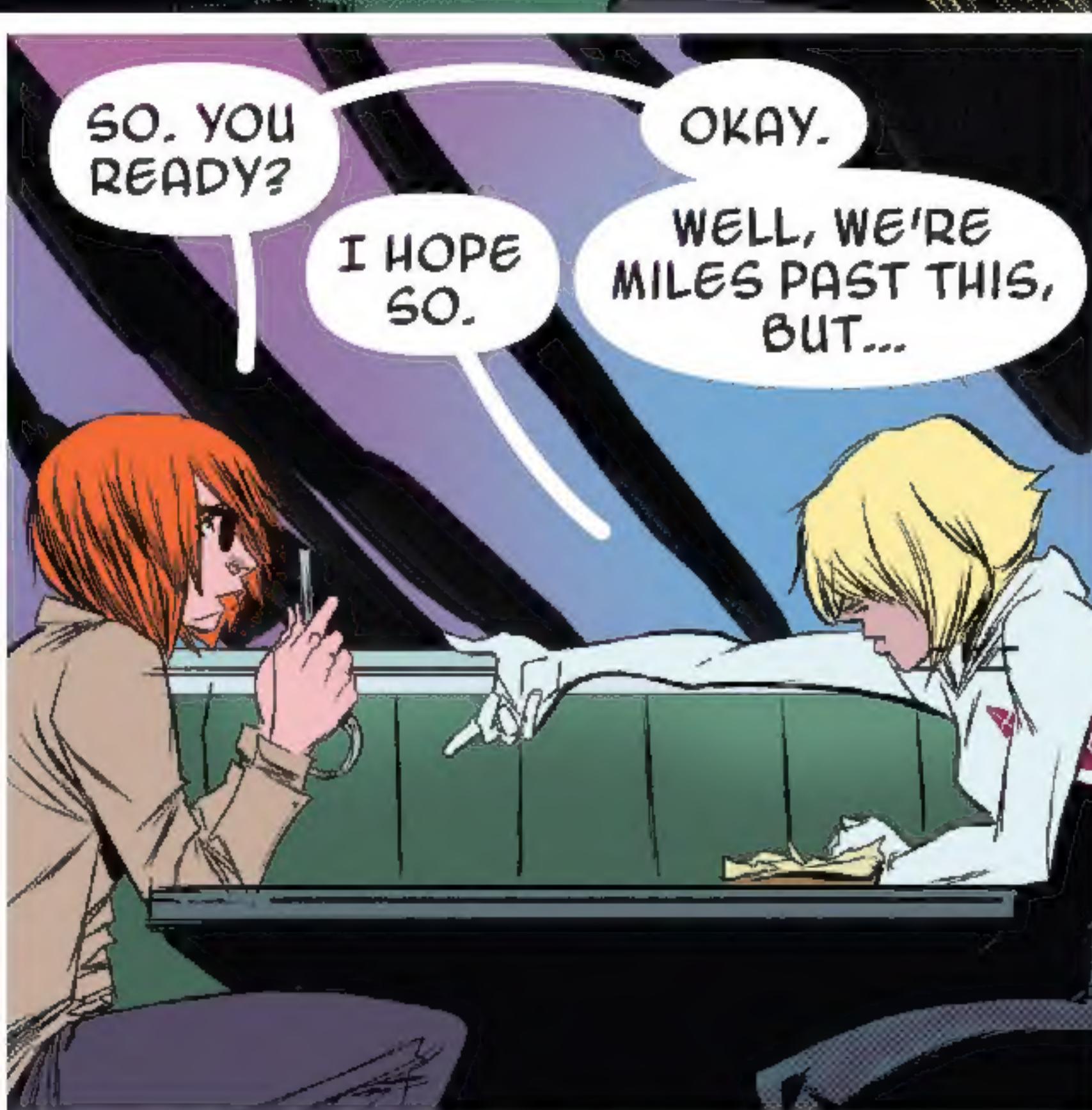
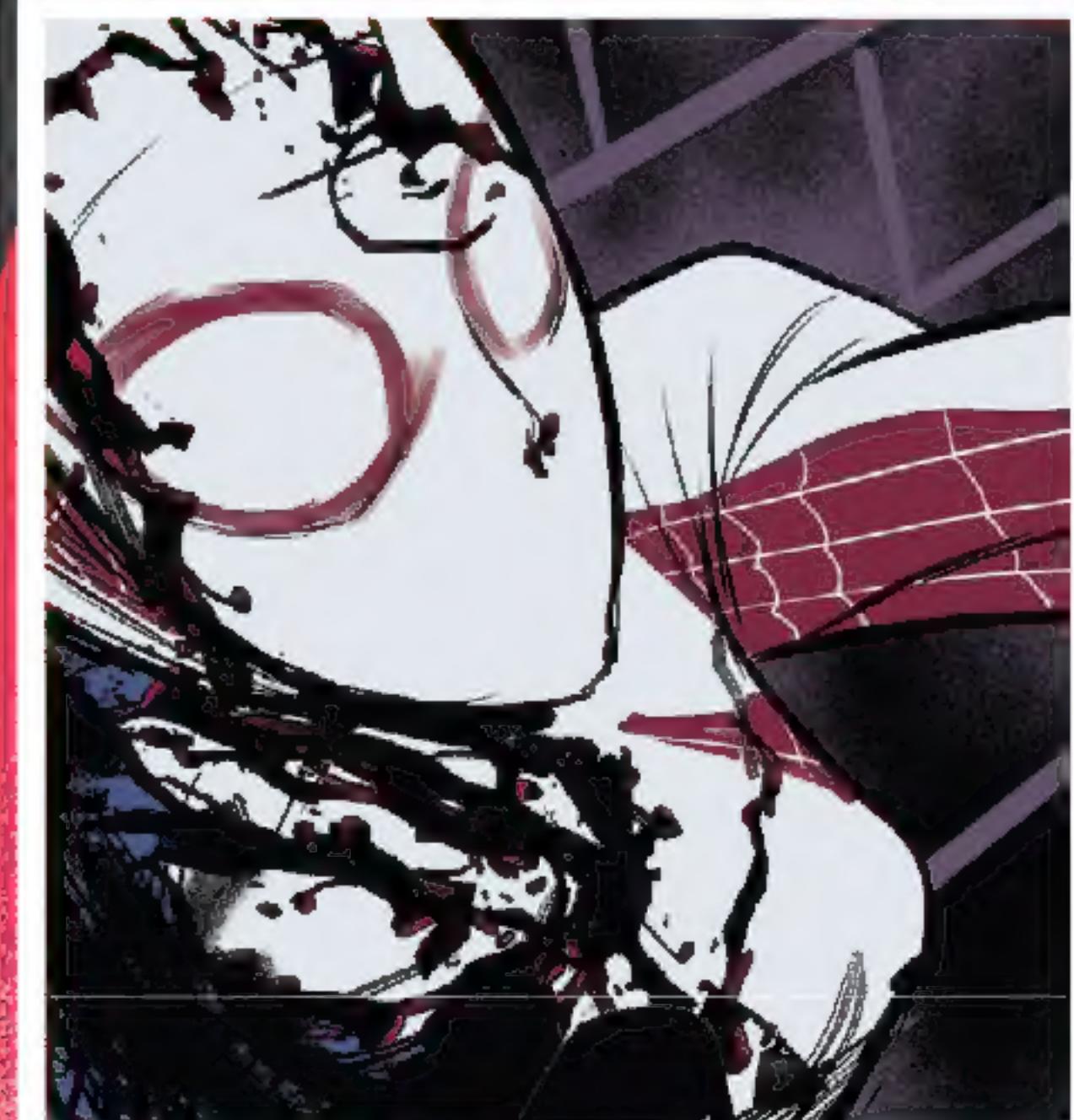
LATOUR
RODRIGUEZ
VISIONS
RENZI



AS A TEENAGER, GWEN STACY WAS BITTEN BY A MUTATED SPIDER. THE BITE TRANSFORMED HER, GRANTING HER AMAZING POWERS: A PRECOGNITIVE AWARENESS OF DANGER, ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES, AND THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED AND STRENGTH OF A SPIDER. BUT THOSE GIFTS WERE TAKEN AWAY WHEN A SUPER VILLAIN FURTHER TAMPERED WITH HER GENETICS, AND GWEN HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO EMBRACE A SYMBIOTIC PARASITE CALLED VENOM TO RESTORE THEM. TO THE RESIDENTS OF NEW YORK, SHE IS THE DANGEROUS OUTLAW CALLED SPIDER-WOMAN, BUT YOU KNOW HER AS...

SPIDER-GWEN

PREVIOUSLY...



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GWEN STACY CREATED BY **STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO**

IT ONLY TOOK SIX MONTHS.

...HAPPY TO
SEE JUSTICE
MOVE SWIFTLY AND
DEAL WITH THIS
MENACE.

TO SEE THE
POWERFUL HELD
RESPONSIBLE
FOR--

SPECIAL COMMENTARY: J. K. JAMESON

THEY CALLED MY
CASE "SPECIAL."

...THESE
24-INCH
PYTHONS AREN'T
THRILLED ABOUT
THESE SUIT
SLEEVES.

BUT
THEY'LL BE
FREE SOON,
BROTHER. JUST
LIKE GWEN
STACY.

"HULK" WALTERS,
DEFENSE ATTORNEY.

THE FIRST OF
ITS KIND.

DEFINE
"WHOLE."

BUT THE TRUTH IS,
THE ONLY REASON
IT MOVED SO FAST...

--COUNTLESS
POTENTIAL CHARGES
HERE.

THE
CHALLENGES TO
LEGAL PRECEDENT
ALONE BOGGLE
THE MIND.

...WAS BECAUSE EVERYONE
WANTED IT OVER.

MY
HANDS ARE TIED,
GEORGE.

I CAN'T
JUST THROW THE
WHOLE CASE
OUT.

BUT I SWEAR,
SOMEHOW...

"...I'LL DO WHAT I CAN TO MAKE THIS RIGHT."

HE CAN'T DO THIS.

HOW CAN FOGGY DO THIS?!

THAT'S WHY I SAID NO DEALS. NO TO THE PLEA BARGAIN. THAT'S WHY I--

HIRED A PRO WRESTLER AS YOUR DEFENSE ATTORNEY?

YEAH, WELL, YOU KNOW I DON'T TAKE YOUR SELF-SABOTAGE PERSONALLY, BUT THE FACT IS--

--FOGGY'S THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY. HE DECIDES WHAT YOU'RE CHARGED WITH.

SO BE IT GUILT, OR SYMPATHY... OR SOME OTHER BEWILDERING REASONS THAT ARE LIKELY THE DEATH OF HIS CAREER--

--HE'S DECIDED TO DROP THE BIG STUFF. INCLUDING MURDER AND MANSLAUGHTER FOR YOUR ROLE IN PETER'S DEATH.

BUT... HOW IS IT EVEN A TRIAL IF HALF OF WHAT I DID ISN'T--

I TOLD THE TRUTH. THERE HAVE TO BE--

"CONSEQUENCES"? IS THAT IT?

Gwen, do you even realize how lucky you are that this is happening?

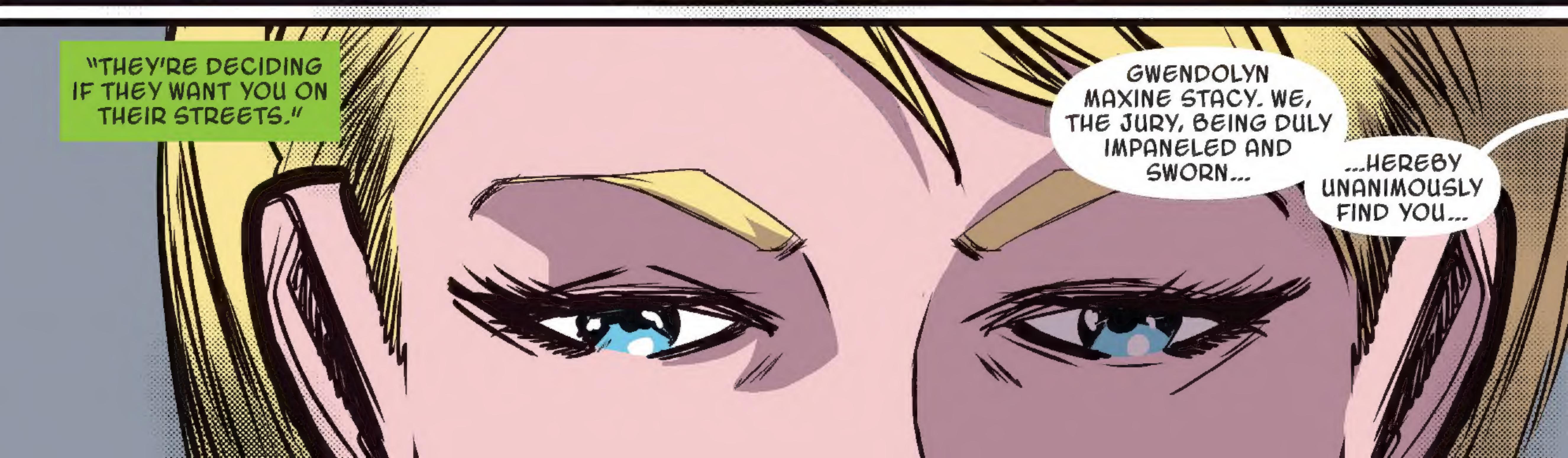
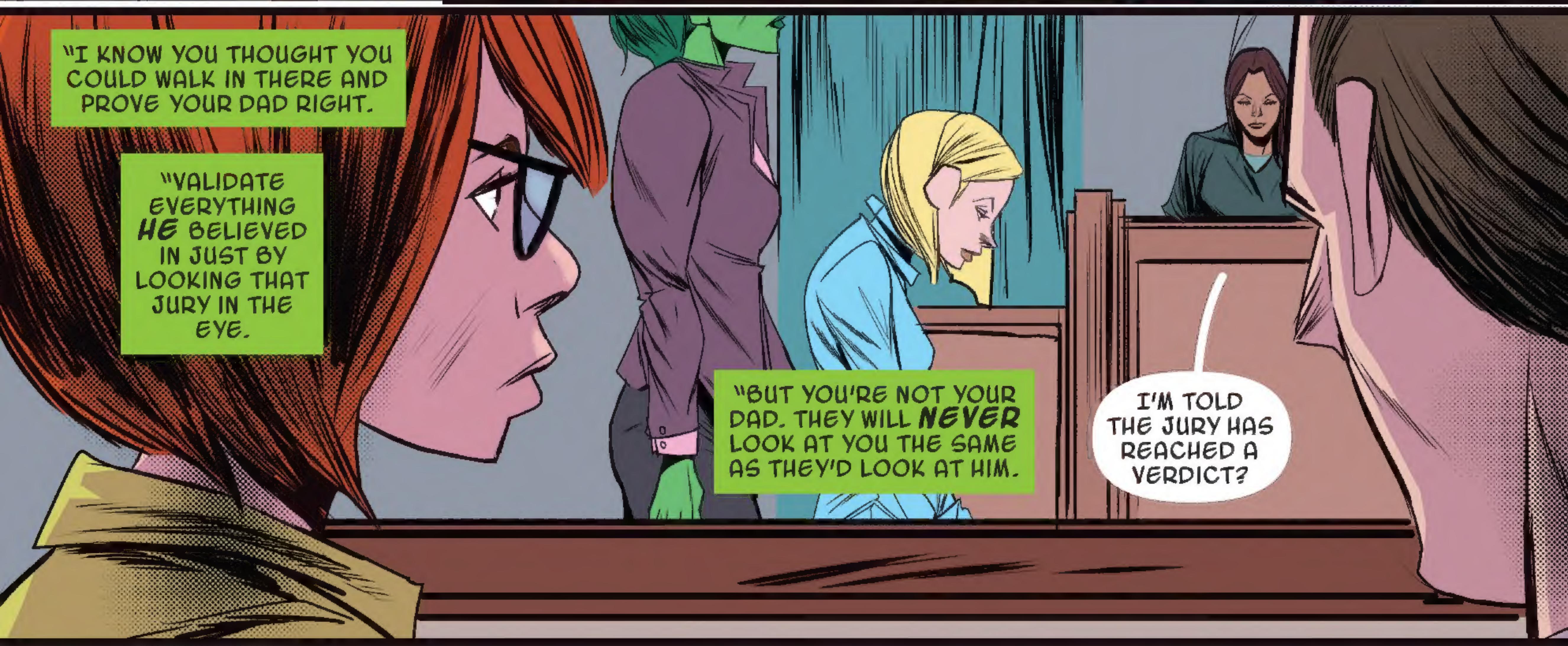
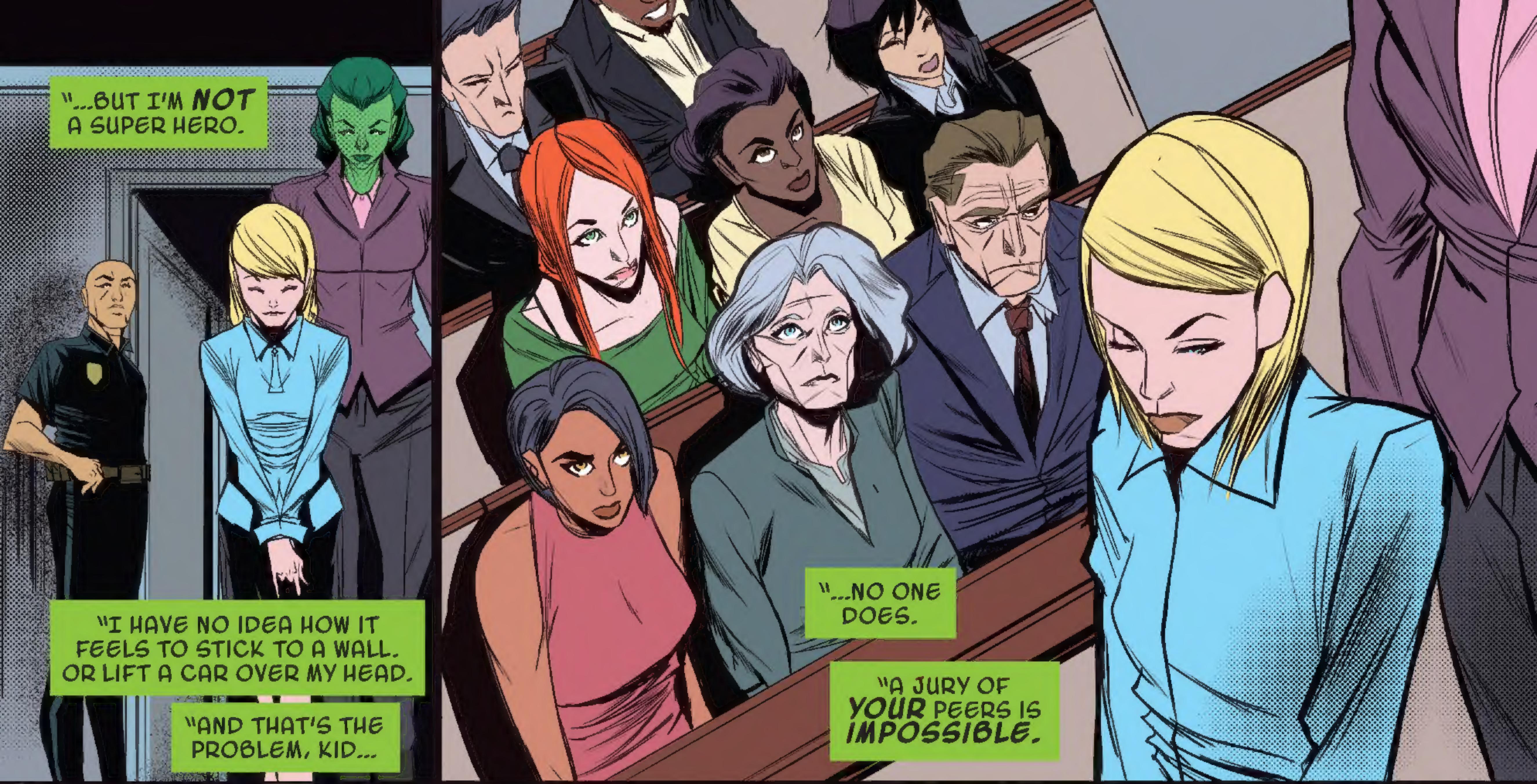
LOOK-- I THINK IT'S OBVIOUS I WASN'T ALWAYS LIKE THIS. NOT ON THE OUTSIDE.

THE MUSCLES, THE GREEN PAINT--

THIS IS JUST THE END RESULT OF A LONG FIGHT TO MAKE MYSELF INTO THE PERSON ALWAYS FELT I WAS.

I SPENT WAY TOO MUCH TIME LOOKING TO OTHER PEOPLE FOR APPROVAL.

I KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO THINK YOU CAN'T DO OR BE WHAT OTHER PEOPLE BELIEVE IS RIGHT...



"...GUILTY."

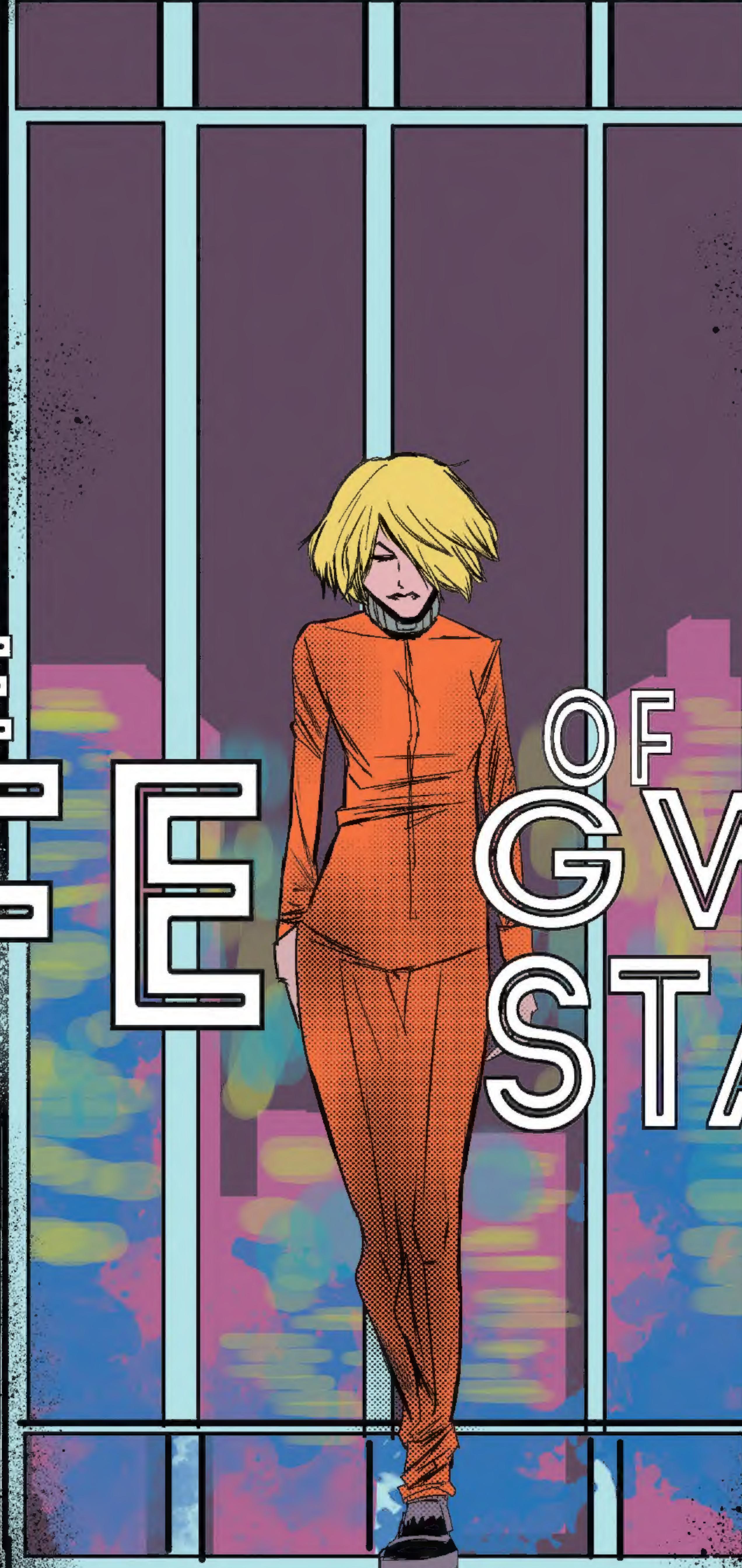
S.H.I.E.L.D.
MAXIMUM-
SECURITY
PRISON.

DAY ONE.

THE LIE OF Gwen Stacy

PART 4

LATOUR
RODRIGUEZ
VISIONS
RENZI
COWLES



WHEN THIS PLACE WAS
BUILT THEY SAID IT WAS
INESCAPABLE.

AND I GUESS TECHNICALLY
THAT'S STILL TRUE.

I'VE ONLY EVER
BROKEN IN HERE.

THANKS IN PART
TO THAT LITTLE
STUNT--

--SECURITY HAS
TIGHTENED.

INDIVIDUAL
CELLS.
SECURITY
COLLARS. CHIP
IMPLANTS.

STILL, IT SEEMS
CRAZY THEY'D LET US
INTERACT AT ALL.

BUT THAT'S EXACTLY
WHAT S.H.I.E.L.D.
WANTS.

TO WATCH.
TO LEARN.

WHAT THE
\$#%&G?

FANCY
SEEING YOU HERE,
MS. MOON.

EVERY MOMENT
IS A TEST.

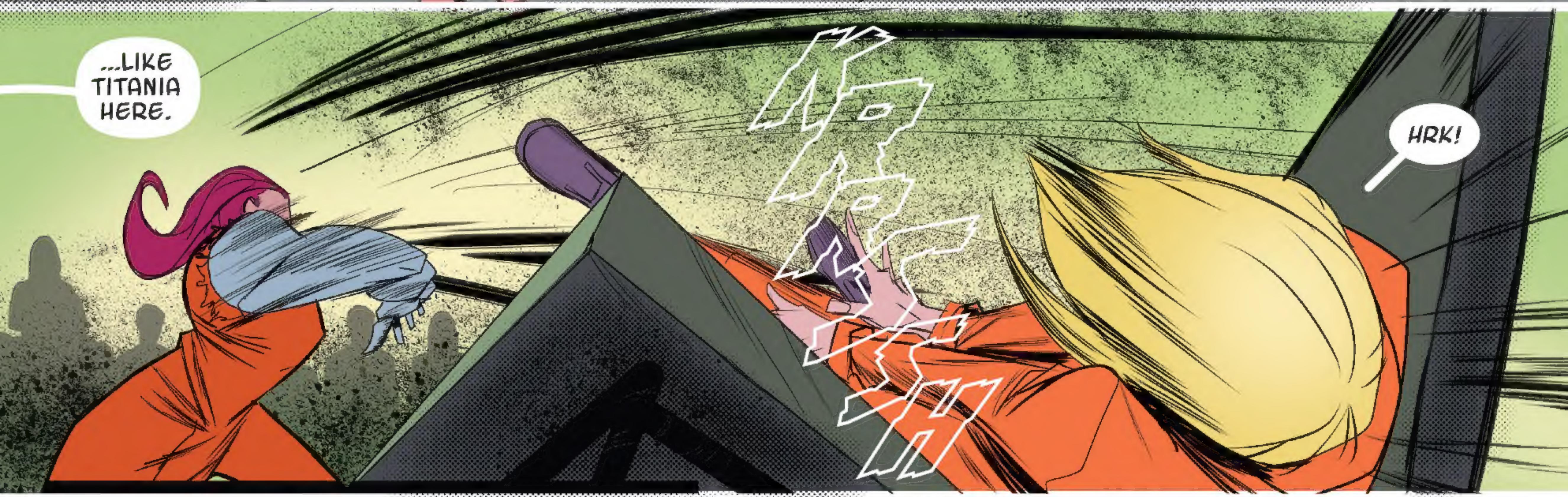
DAMMIT,
STACY.

ARE
YOU TRYING TO
GET US BOTH
KILLED?

WHAT? NO.
I JUST THOUGHT
THAT WE--THAT
YOU MIGHT--

NUH-UH.
NO WAY. NO,
THANK YOU,
FRESH
MEAT.

CINDY,
WAIT. I--



DAY TWO.

STUPID.

HOW COULD I
BE SO NAIVE?

GUILTY. INNOCENT. I NEVER
CARED WHAT THEY FOUND.

I JUST WANTED
IT TO BE FAIR.

FAIR.
HA.

I'M A DAMN
FOOL.

AND EVERYONE IN
HERE KNOWS IT.

HOW MANY OF THEM WILL
EVER SEE DAYLIGHT AGAIN?

HOW MANY OF THEM REALLY
DID THE KIND OF WRONG THAT
DESERVES THAT?

HOW MANY OF THEM
WERE JUST THE
WRONG PERSON...

...THE WRONG
KIND OF
PERSON...

0066 CASTLE, FRANK

Hang in
There



C'MON--
HURRY UP. THIS
WAY.

WHERE ARE
YOU TAKING ME?
I DON'T--

BUT ME? ALL THE
DAMAGE I DID. ALL THE
RECKLESS CHOICES.

AND THANKS TO WHO I
AM...THANKS TO FOGGY
NELSON'S GUILT...

...THIS IS ALL
IT COSTS ME.

ONLY WHAT? A
YEAR. MAYBE
TWO?

I'M A #\$\$%
TOURIST.

I SAID--
MOVE
IT!

HRGH!

HSSSSHH!

THE WORLD NEVER
EXPECTED ME
UNDER THAT MASK.

THAT'S WHY MY PUNISHMENT
DOESN'T FIT THE CRIME.

WHERE
IN--
WHAT IS
THIS?

AND EVERYONE
IN HERE KNOWS IT.

HRNGH!

I KNOW
YOU THINK THAT
IF YOU DON'T FIGHT
BACK WE'LL GET
TIRED OF
THIS.

THAT
IT WILL
END.

IT
WON'T.

YOUR FRIEND
CAPTAIN AMERICA
PUT ME IN HERE,
"SPIDER-GWEN."

WE'RE ALL IN
HERE BECAUSE
PEOPLE LIKE
YOU THOUGHT YOU
WERE BETTER THAN
PEOPLE LIKE
US...

WE'RE THE
SERPENT SOCIETY,
AIN'T NO WAY OUT
FOR US.

THE
OUROBOROS.
NO BEGINNIN',
NO END.

BUT
BOY, ARE
YOU GONNA WISH
THERE
WAS.

RRGGGH!

THAT'S ENOUGH,
DIAMONDBACK.

HRRNG...
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?! I PAID
YOU FOR THIS
TIME, OLD
MAN!

YES.
YES.

LIKE IF
ROT WERE
A SOUND.

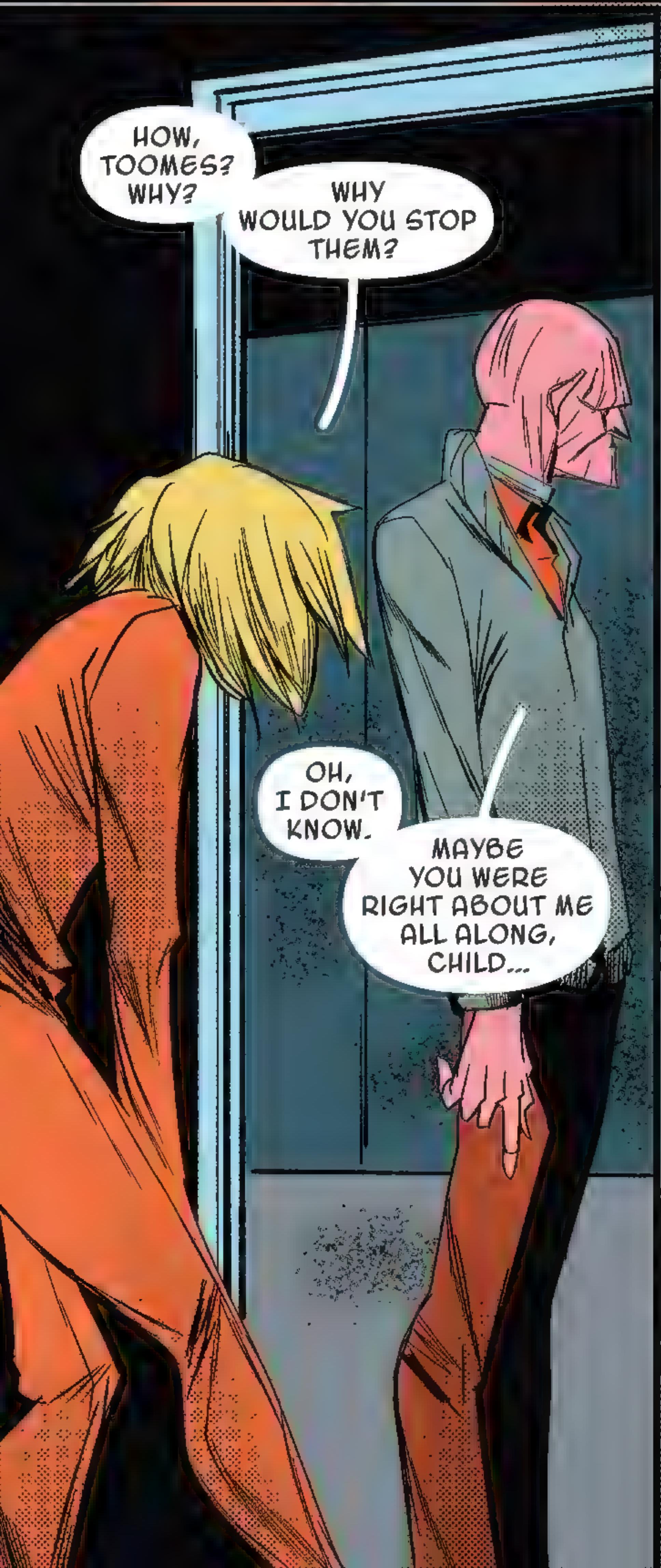
YOU
PAID FOR THE
TIME...

ADRIAN
TOOMES.

...AND
YOU'LL GET
IT.

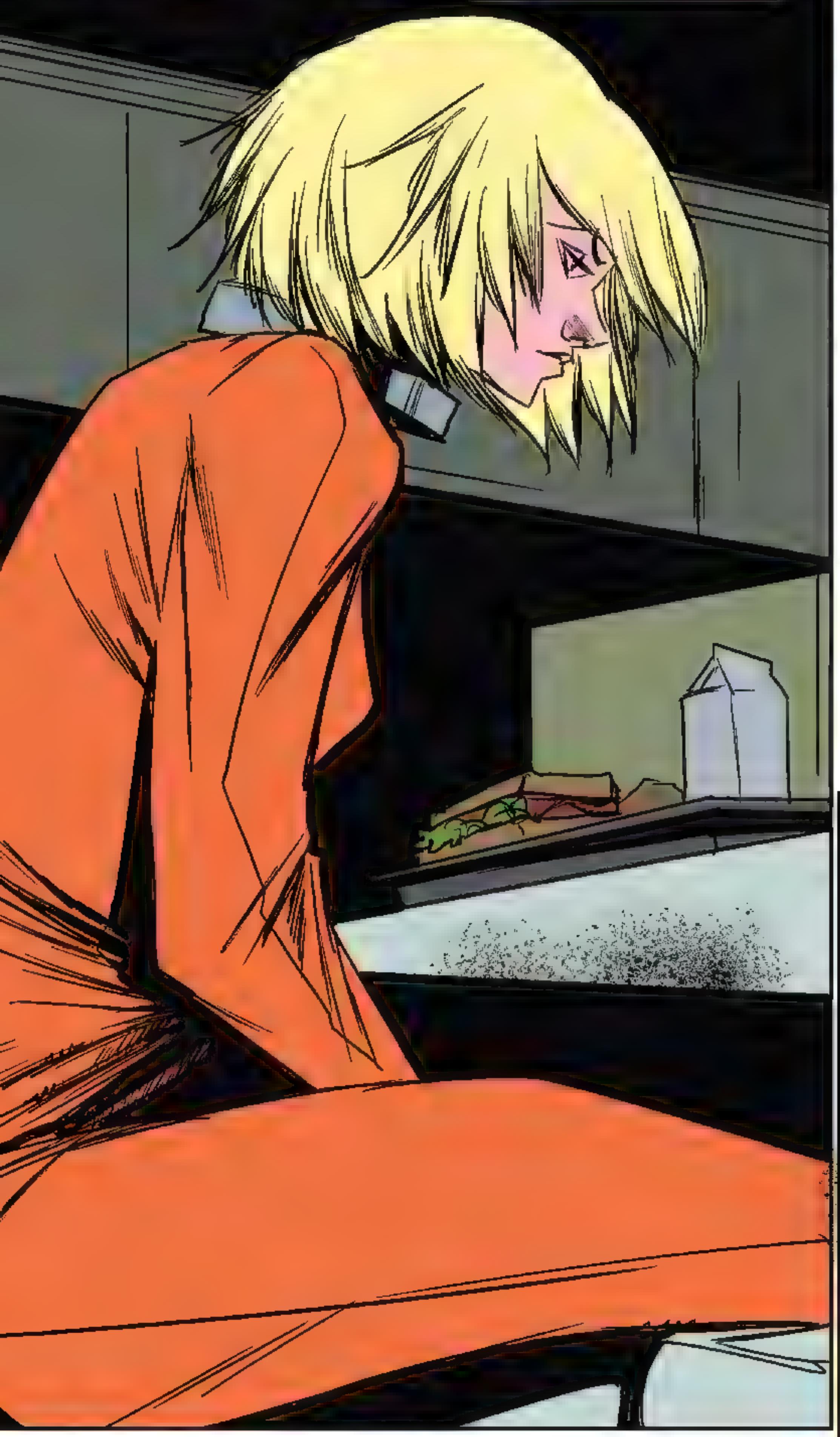
ONE
OF THESE
DAYS.

THE VULTURE.

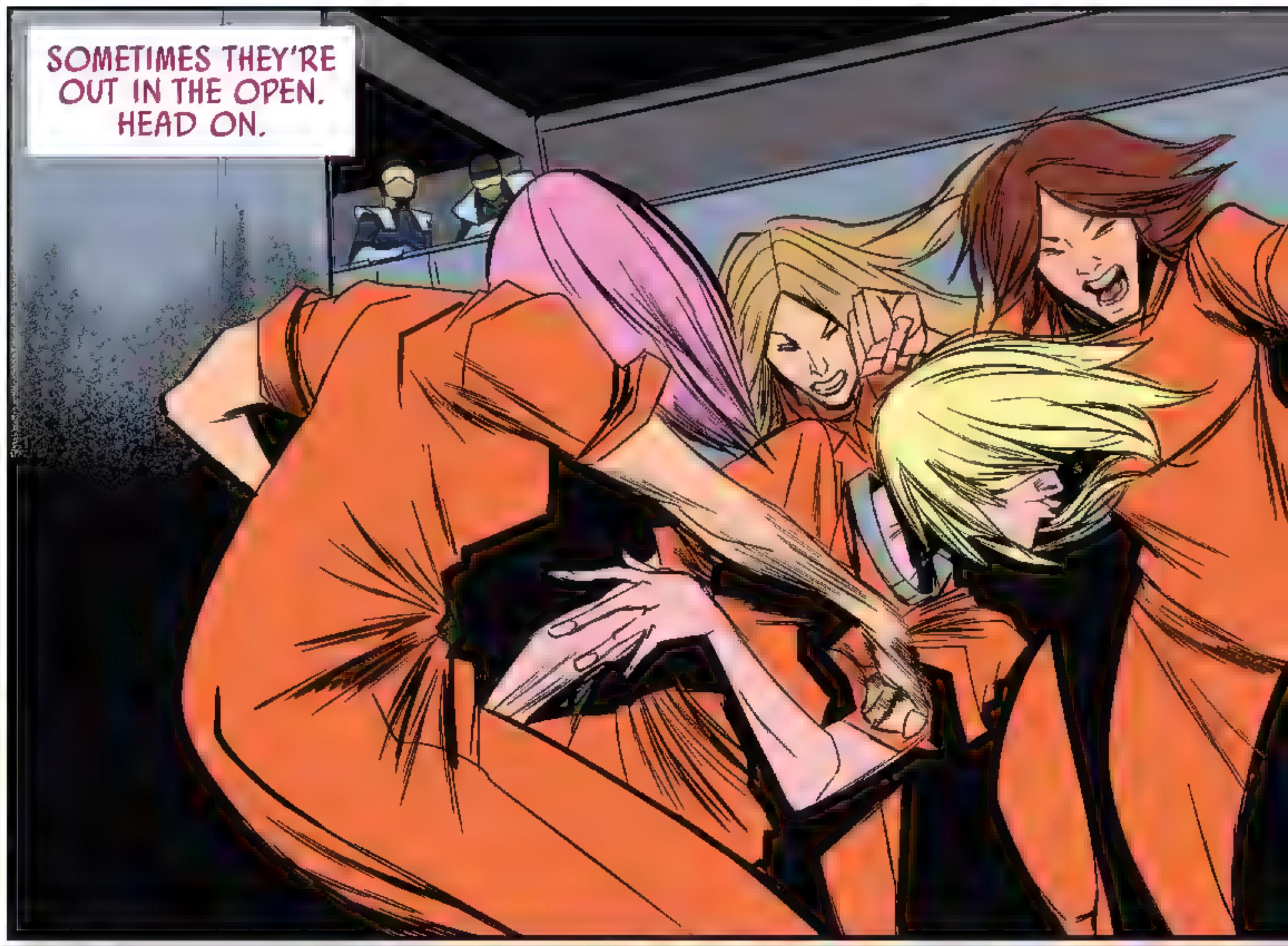


**WEEK
TWO.**

OVER THE LAST
WEEK THE ATTACKS
HAVE HAD NO
RHYME OR REASON.



SOMETIMES THEY'RE
OUT IN THE OPEN.
HEAD ON.



OTHER TIMES THEY'RE TRAPS.

INVASIONS.

WAKEY
WAKEY,
EGGS AND
BAKEY.



BUT THE WORST ARE THE
TIMES WHEN I'M CERTAIN
SOMETHING'S COMING.

AND
NOTHING
DOES.



SOMEHOW
TOOMES HAS
THE GUARDS
ON HIS SIDE.

THEY'RE TRAPPED IN HERE WITH
US. MAYBE THEY'RE JUST BORED.

MAYBE IT'S
SOMETHING
WORSE.

SOMETHING
BIGGER.



THIS IS HOW
THE VULTURE
CIRCLES.

HE'S GOING TO ENJOY EVERY LAST
MOMENT OF PICKING MY BONES.

ONCE HE'S BORED HE'LL LET
THEM LOOSE, AND THEN...

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT WORRIES
ME MORE. THAT
THEY WON'T
STOP--

--OR THAT I DON'T
THINK THEY SHOULD.

STILL--GOTTA BE A WAY
TO GET HIM TO BACK OFF.

COLLAR DOESN'T
STOP MY POWERS.
JUST HURTS LIKE
THE BEJEZZUS TO
USE THEM.

HEH. WHAT
ELSE IS NEW?

GO AT HIM DIRECTLY?

HE'S AN OLD
MAN, HE CAN'T...

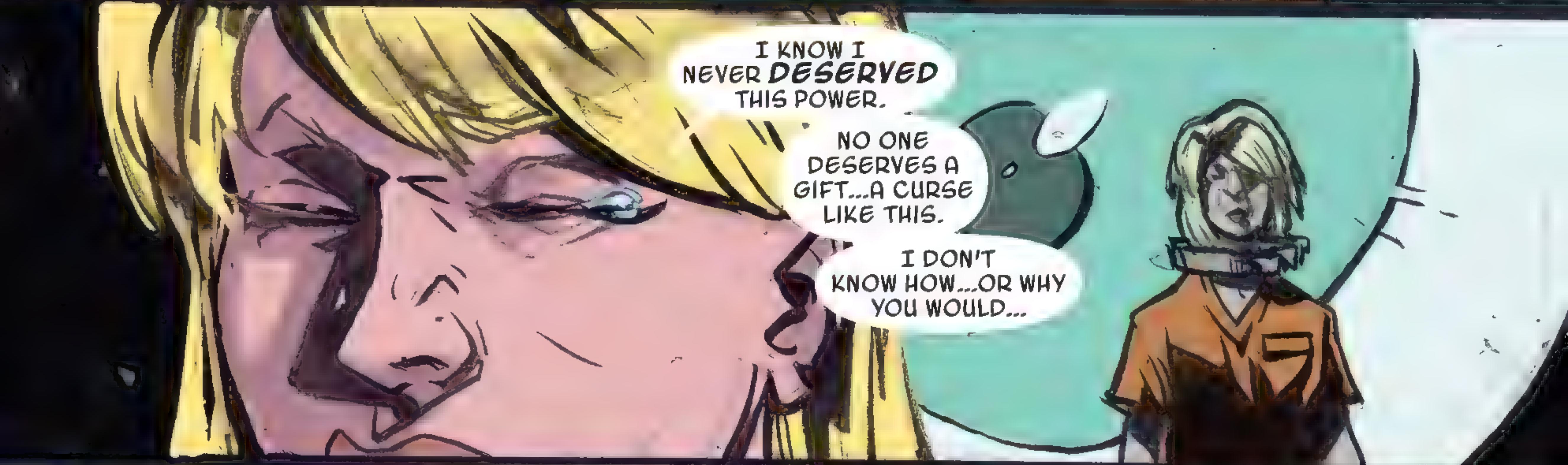
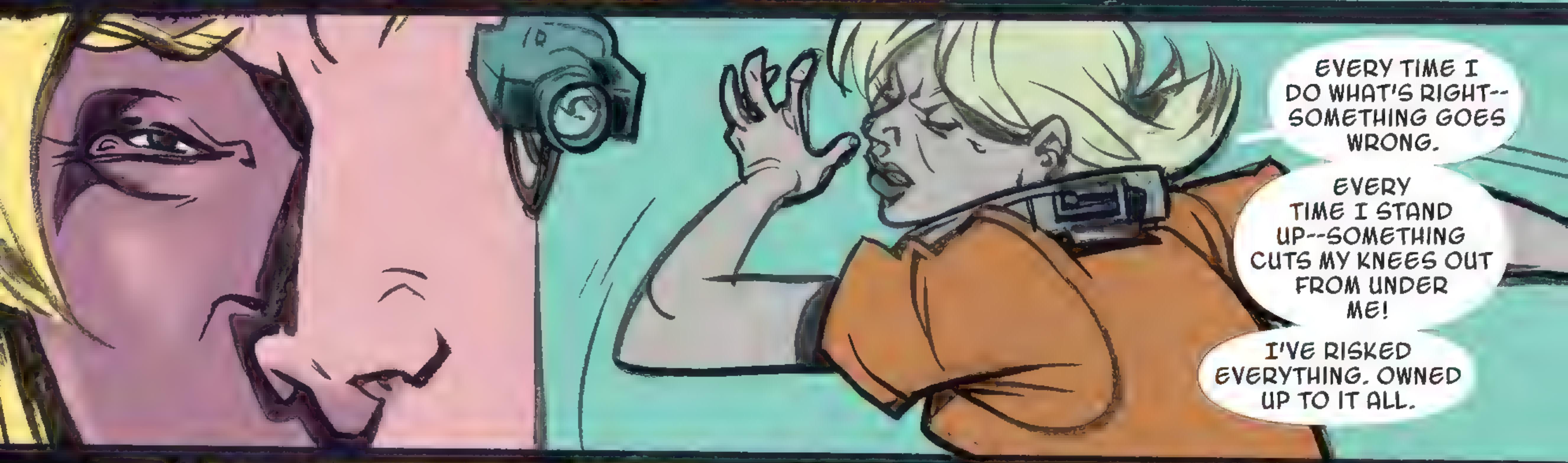
RRRRGH.

NO.

GOD. WHAT IN THE HELL
IS WRONG WITH ME?
THINKING LIKE THIS--

ACTING ON THESE IMPULSES
WHEN WHEN I KNOW BETTER.
WHEN I CAN DO BETTER...

THAT'S WHY
I BELONG
IN HERE





OH, WAIT.
YOU WANTED TO
FIGHT?

NO, NO,
I TOLD YOU--
NO MORE OF
THAT.

AND TO DO THAT I NEED TO
GIVE THE ONLY THING EVERYONE
IN HERE NEEDS...

--HEY!

...A SHOW.

YOU'VE BEAT
UP EVERYONE IN
HERE, TITANIA.
THAT--

--RRNFH,
THAT'S
TRUE.

BUT,
C'MON--HOW DO
YOU FIGHT THIS
RHYTHM?

PUT ME
DOWN! PUT ME
DOWN OR I'LL CAVE
YER SKULL
IN!

OOOOOH
WHAT A
FEEL-ING...

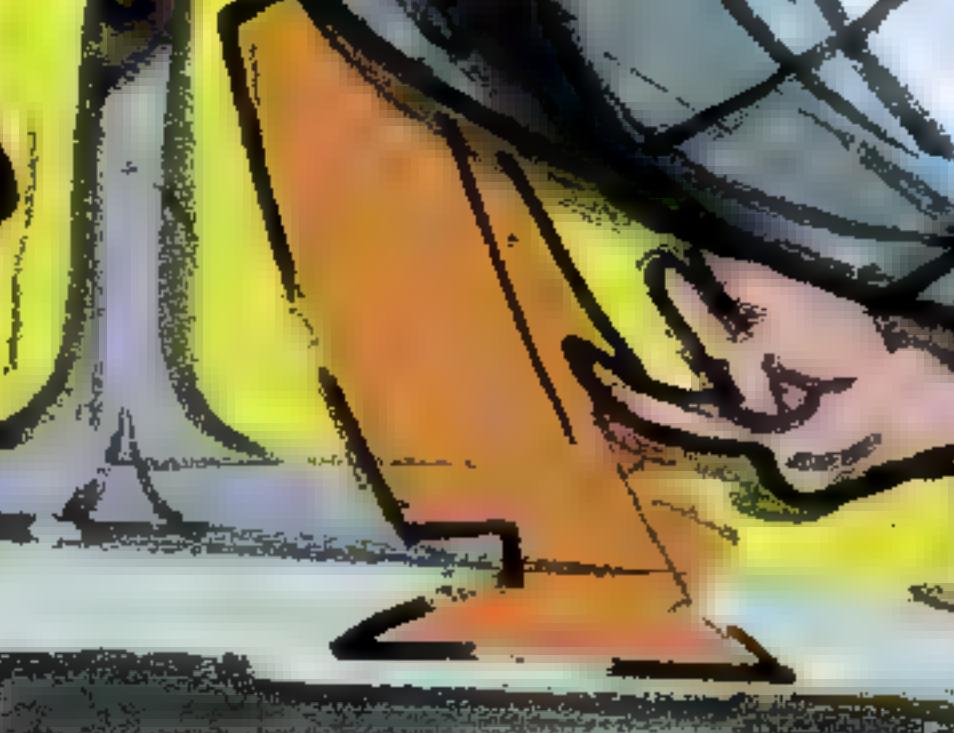
WAIT, WAS
THAT--

WAS THAT A JOKE?

NOW... ...YOUR
TURN TO
LEAD.

...WHEN WE'RE
DAN-CING ON THE
CEIL-ING...

WOOR





YOU'RE
WASTING
TIME.

YES, YES.
WE WERE ALL QUITE
ENTERTAINED FOR
A SPELL.

BUT THIS
LITTLE ACT--IT
LACKS THE CHARM OF
THE COYOTE AND HIS
ROADRUNNER.

IT'S ABSENT
THE PATHOS OF
SISYPHUS AND HIS ROCK.

SURE, GIVEN
TIME, YOU MIGHT YET
HONE IT...

AH...
BUT THERE'S
THE RUB.

YOU
HAVEN'T PAID
FOR THE TIME,
HAVE YOU?

YOU HAVEN'T
DROPPED TO YOUR
KNEES AND BEGGED
ME FOR--

TOOMES.

IT'S TIME
YOU MOVED
ALONG.

BREAK
A LEG,
STACY.

MONTH
SIX.

Hang In There!

LOVE,
CINDY

I KNOW
YOU DIDN'T
WANT ME TO SEE
YOU LIKE
THIS.

BUT
I AM VERY
GLAD TO SEE
YOU.

S.H.I.E.L.D.
HAS BEEN WATCHING
YOU VERY CLOSELY IN
HERE, GWEN.

THAT
CAN'T BE A
SURPRISE.

IT'S
NOT.

LOVE, CINDY
GOOD. THAT
MAKES THE REST
OF THIS EASIER
TO EXPLAIN.

DIRECTOR
CARTER THINKS
IT'S A WASTE TO HAVE
SOMEONE LIKE YOU
SITTING HERE
GATHERING
DUST.

SHE
THINKS SHE
HAS A JOB
FOR YOU.

"A JOB."
HEH.

IS THAT
WHAT SHE
"THINKS"?

AND HOW
ABOUT YOU,
CAP?

WHAT
DO YOU
THINK?

I THINK
S.H.I.E.L.D.
BELIEVES I CAN
GET YOU TO
AGREE TO
THIS.

BUT THEY
KNOW I WON'T
ALLOW THEM TO
FORCE YOU
TO.

IT'S A
TEAM, GWEN.
IN NAME, AT
LEAST.

PEGGY WANTS
SOMEONE INSIDE.
SOMEONE WHO
CAN HOLD THEIR
OWN.

A SIXTH
WHO'S WORKING
FOR THE GOOD
GUYS.

MOON
HARDY

CAS

PRYDE

LOGAN

SHE'S OFFERING YOU A HALL PASS.

AGREE TO THE JOB AND YOU'RE OUT OF HERE TODAY.

YOU CAN OPERATE OUT IN THE OPEN AS SPIDER-WOMAN OR SPIDER-GWEN. OR WHATEVER CODE NAME THEY FORCE ON YOU.

YOU CAN GO SEE YOUR FATHER.

I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE. BELIEVE ME, I NEVER DREAMED I WOULD BE.

BUT I'M HERE BECAUSE THE SYSTEM IS BROKEN...

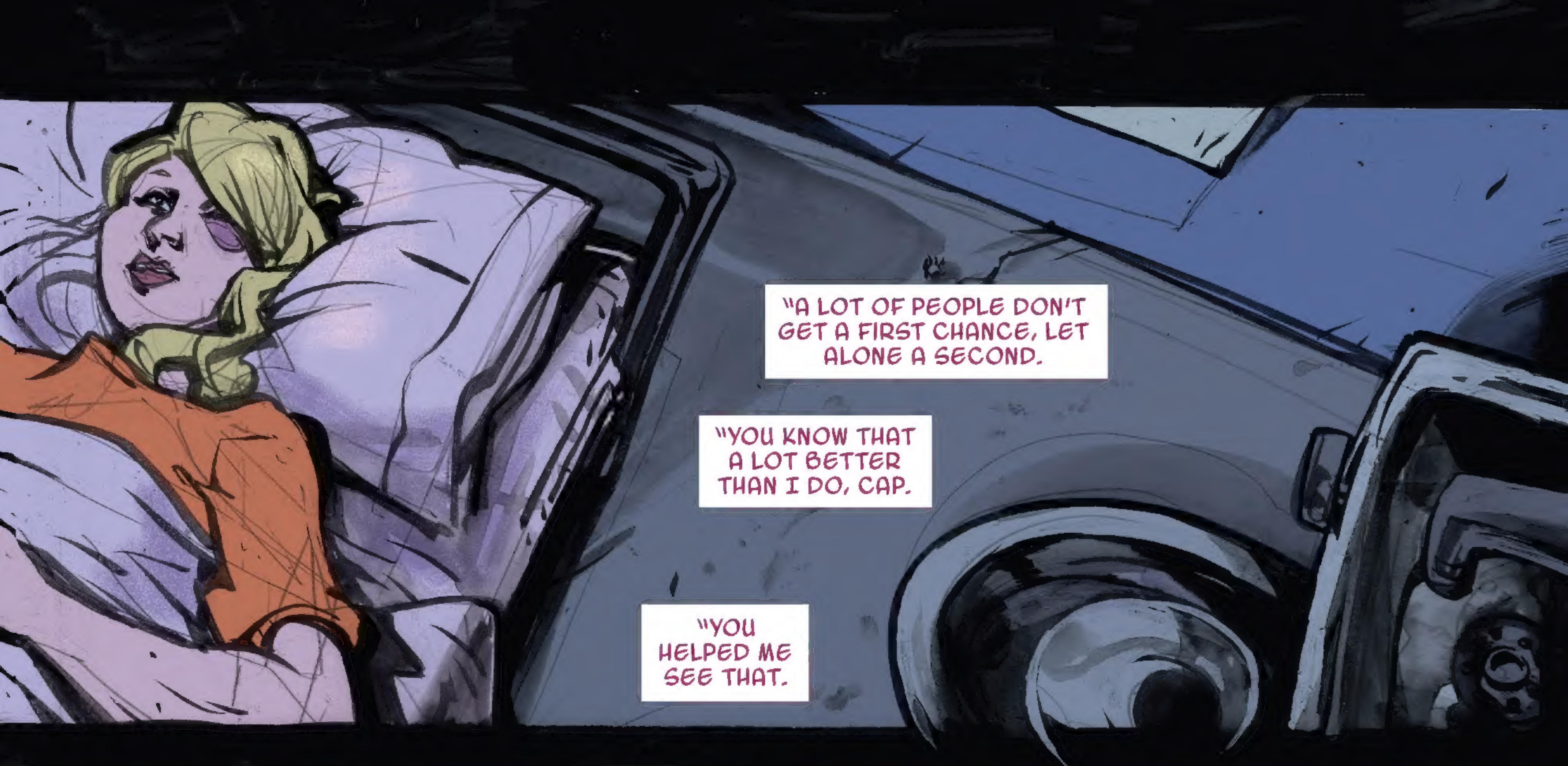
...BROKEN IN A WAY THAT ONLY A PERSON LIKE ME WILL EVER SEE THE BENEFITS OF.

TELL PEGGY THANKS, CAP.
THANKS... BUT NO THANKS.

BUT NOW I KNOW THAT.

NOW I KNOW THAT IF I DON'T HOLD MYSELF ACCOUNTABLE--

--NO ONE ELSE WILL.



BODEGA BANDIT

REAL NAME: Unconfirmed

OCCUPATION: Bandit of bodegas

LEGAL STATUS: Unconfirmed

PLACE OF BIRTH: Unconfirmed

MARITAL/RELATIONSHIP STATUS: Unconfirmed

POSSIBLE RELATIVES: Bento Bandit, Bar-B-Que Bandit, Burger Bandit, Burrito Bandito, Pine Cone (pet/sidekick), Bandito (pet/sidekick, deceased)

GROUP AFFILIATION: Bunch of Bandits, Forgettable Foes of Spider-Gwen

BASE OF OPERATIONS: New York City (Earth-65)

FIRST APPEARANCE: Spider-Gwen #1

SPECULATIVE HISTORY: Little is known about the true origins and motivations of the man known as Bodega Bandit. So little, in fact, that at this point even if we were to watch the truth of his life unfold with our very eyes, it would likely still be impossible to separate fact from urban myth.

What we can prove is that the Bandit's modus operandi revolves around his fascination and seemingly steadfast devotion to robbing bodegas (or convenience stores [or fast food restaurants {or newsstands}]) for their cheap food. Though Bandit's crimes largely center around corn dogs (and his favorite target, a bodega known as the Dollar Dog), he has been known to on occasion steal other foods such as ice cream, candy, and burgers. During these "robberies" the Bandit usually brandishes a "weapon" in the form of his favorite food, the noble corn dog. Despite his bravado, Bodega Bandit rarely makes good on his threats, and, to date, there's no evidence that he's ever committed an act of violence, though he has pulled a switchblade on Spider-Woman several times (see Spider-Gwen).

Over the years these "robberies" have been so prevalent that many of the bodega clerks around New York City seem to regard them as a natural occurrence, like bad weather. In fact, the most common reaction to these robberies from clerks and bodega owners seems to be either thorough annoyance or complete boredom.

Making Bandit's crimes more peculiar is the fact that no matter how many times he's apprehended and turned over to police, he always seems to find himself quickly free and walking the streets. To date, the most plausible explanation for Bandit's escape artistry is that his father is a rich and influential New Yorker who has struck a deal with at least some of the local bodega clerks. One such clerk has claimed on record that after each robbery, the Bandit's rich father repays the clerk for the products the Bandit has stolen — paying the worth of the stolen goods several times over in exchange for the clerk's continued cooperation. The Bandit himself has also admitted to his family's influence, claiming that his dad simply asks the police to let him go every time he's arrested.

In line with this evidence, the highest odds in your office pool suggest that Bandit's father is publishing mogul J. Jonah Jameson. This would mean the Bandit is his son, John Jameson — a former astronaut who disappeared from the public record following a mental breakdown — the cause of which has been speculated to be his mysterious return from a mission in outer space that ran long. Beyond Jameson's extended stay in the cosmos and reclusive nature since his return, no concrete evidence has surfaced to confirm this theory.

Frequent posters on the web forum of conspiracy theorist Rick Jones (host of television's *Secret Wars*) point to Bandit's obsession with easily prepared and portable meals as evidence of his astronaut origins. Corn dogs, Jones argues, were a staple meal of early space travel. Many posters have taken to even more fanciful speculation, suggesting that Jameson not only spent time adrift in the cosmos, but may have even encountered the Watchers, a race of timeless beings tasked with the observation of time and space. Those users theorize that the Bandit has either been replaced by a Watcher who desires to experience firsthand what it is to be human, or that he is somehow in league with them, perhaps even a spy, therefore, explaining his ability to seemingly defy the rules of our physical and cultural reality.

HEIGHT: 5'9"
WEIGHT: 155 lbs.
EYES: Masked
HAIR: Brown

SUPER-POWERS: No jail can hold the Bodega Bandit.

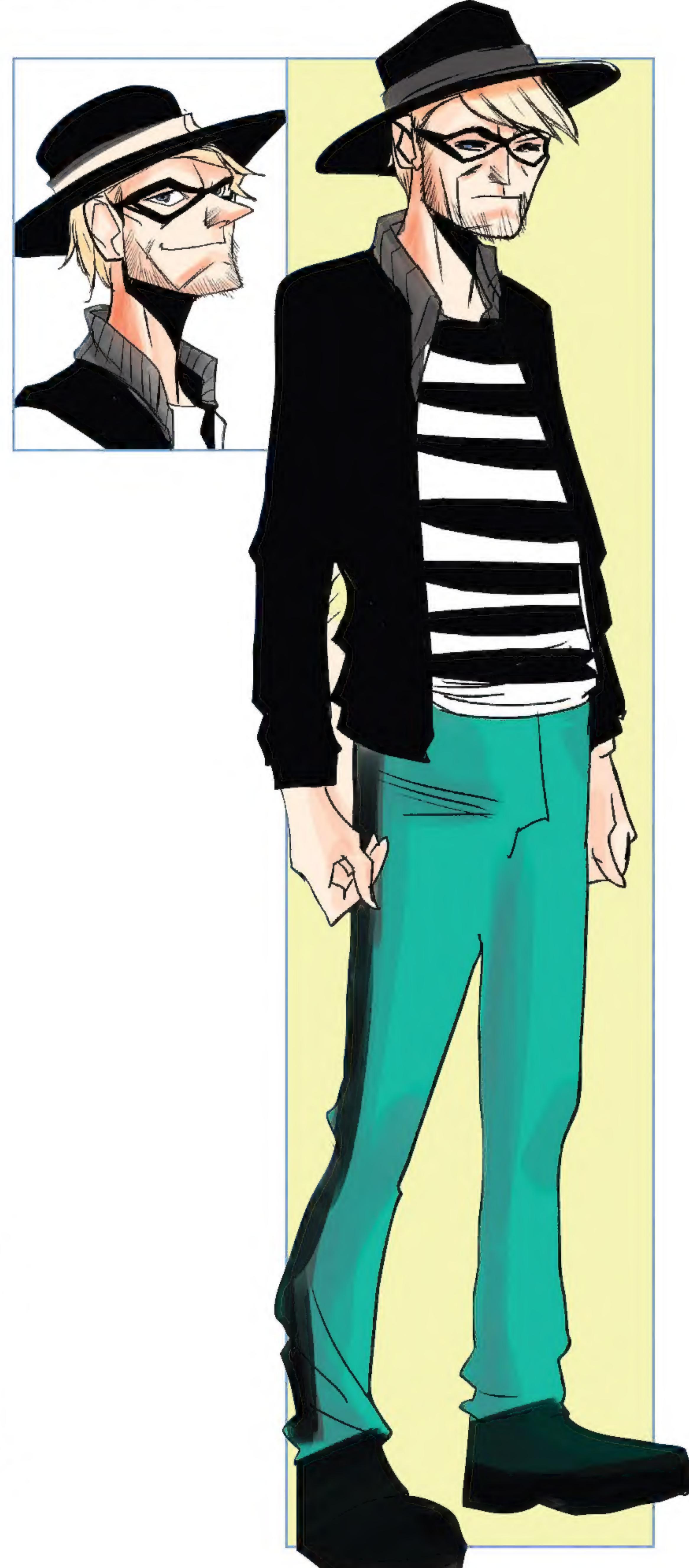
FUN FACT: Bodega Bandit, you are the worst.

Another theory, backed by considerably more circumstantial evidence, is that Bodega Bandit is not alone in his schtick. He seems to be at least in a parallel relationship with some kind of "Bunch of Bandits," which it can be confirmed includes his Madripoor-based "doppelganger," the Bento Bandit. A *Secret Wars* forum poster with the screen name 1984Beyondce suggests that it's possible that all incarnations of the Bandit are the same entity, concluding that he is a shape-changer or perhaps one junk-food-obsessed mind in control of several bodies.

Again this is all wild speculation, and it's even possible that Bodega Bandit is just a dumb cosmic joke that's gotten funnier and funnier to the creator(s) of all things on Earth-65, even though everyone actually having to live their lives around it has stopped caring why he exists and just wants this torment to end.

Whatever Bandit's true motivation or purpose is — his imprisonment in this seemingly endless cycle, combined with his frequent interaction with Spider-Woman, have caused her to develop sympathy for and vague understanding of his plight, transitioning the Bandit from an annoyance to occasional, begrudging ally. This bond was perhaps sealed when Spider-Woman gifted the Bandit a rescued guinea pig named "Pine Cone" in an effort to console him in his grief over the death of his original sidekick and pet dog, Bandito.

At present, Bodgea Bandit and his sidekick Pine Cone are dressed in matching masks and capes, continuing their siege of New York/New Jersey-area corner food markets. ■



Art by Robbi Rodriguez

SPIDER-GWEN

#34!



ON SALE NEXT MONTH!

Hey, readers! As you may or may not have seen, SPIDER-GWEN #34 is going to be the final chapter in this titanic tale! We don't want to give too much away, but we DO want to take this opportunity and see if you had any questions for your favorite stupendous storytellers, Jason Latour and Robbi Rodriguez! Send them along to SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM and mark 'em "OKAY TO PRINT"! And, heck, since you're asking, we'll take fan letters, too!

